

The Snylors departure from his dearest Love,
 Wishing that still (to him) she'd constant prove,
 She (in the second Part) doth thus reply,
 E're she'd soom him depart, she'l choose to die.
 To a new Tune of, *Adieu my pretty one.*



Now I am bound to Seas,
 and from my Love must part,
 May ought my Dear displease,
 that lies so near my heart:
 Do not mourn my soe't for me,
 to perturbate the mind;
 Since there no help can be,
 I must leave thee behind.
 Remember me on shore,
 as I thee on the main,
 So keep my love in store,
 till I return again.
 Poor Snylors must endure
 the frowns of Boreas blast,
 Of life no man is sure.
 While Seas do rag'g last.
 But when the frowns are o'er,
 that wind and tide serves well,
 We hast to kiss the shore
 where our true Lovers dwell.
 Remember me on shore, &c.
 When we are landed there,
 and come to greet our friends,
 Strange wonders we declare,
 how God us safe defends:
 When Love (if thou so please)
 pray still for my success,
 And prosperous gale at Seas,
 to shield us from distress.
 Remember, &c.
 Our shipping shall be built,
 without the help of thee;
 The hardest skin shall melt,
 ere I prove false to thee:
 And though I be inforc'd,
 to part thy company,
 My love hide's undiscov'rd,
 and shall do till I die.
 Remember, &c.

The fire shall freeze yd kind,
 the snow shall flaming burn;
 The rain shall turn to blood,
 or e're my love return.
 Young men and maidens all,
 if a like in England wide,
 To witness I you call,
 how firm my love shall bide.
 Remember me, &c.

The Mountains high shall fall
 beneath the Valley's deep,
 Ere I prove false at all,
 my promise so to keep.
 And if I hold it true,
 to thee my gentle Dove,
 Let not mine eyes e're bid to
 Earth, Air, or heaven above.
 Remember, &c.

The Fish shall seem to fly,
 yea Birds to Fishes turn,
 The Sea be ever dry,
 and Fire cease to burn;
 When I turn false to thee,
 shall these things come to pass;
 But that will never be,
 nor yet to ever last.
 Remember, &c.

Let no deluding tongue
 heretoe me of my Love;
 For (sweet) do me such wrong,
 lest if my death should prove.
 Though false I must atway,
 our Ship lies under sail;
 And time for none will stay,
 God send's a happy gale.
 Remember me on shore,
 as I thee on the Main,
 So keep my love in store,
 till I return again.

The Saylor's departure from his dearest Love,
 Wishing that still (to him) she'd constant prove,
 She (in the second Part) doth thus reply,
 Ere she'd from him depart, she'll choose to die.
 To a new Tune of, *Adieu my pretty one.*



Now I am bound to Seas,
 and from my Love must part,
 May ought my Dear displease,
 that lies so near my heart:
 Do not mourn my absence for me,
 to perturbate the mind;
 Since there no help can be,
 I must leave thee behind.
 Remember me on shore,
 as I thee on the main,
 So keep my love in store,
 till I return again.
 Poor Souldiers must endure
 the frowns of Boreas blast,
 Of life no man is sure.
 While Seas do ragging last.
 But when the frowns are o'er,
 that wind and the surges swell,
 We hast to kiss the shore
 where our true Lovers dwell.
 Remember me on shore, &c.
 When we are landed there,
 and come to greet our friends,
 Strange wonders we declare,
 how God us safe defends:
 When Love (if thou so please)
 pray still for my success,
 And prosperous gale at Seas,
 to shield us from distress.
 Remember, &c.
 Our shipping shall be built,
 without the help of thee;
 The hardest storm shall melt,
 ere I prove false to thee:
 And though I be enforced,
 to part thy company,
 My love shall be undivided,
 and shall do till I die.
 Remember, &c.

The fire shall freeze the wind,
 the snow shall flaming burn;
 The rain shall turn to blood,
 ere I to my love return.
 Young men and maidens all,
 that live in England wide,
 To witness I you call,
 how firm my love shall bide.
 Remember me, &c.

The Mountains high shall fall
 beneath the valleys deep,
 Ere I prove false at all,
 my promise so to keep.
 And if I hold it true,
 to thee my gentle Dove,
 Let not mine eyes ere bid to
 Earth, Air, or heaven above.
 Remember, &c.

The Fish shall seem to fly,
 yea Birds to Fishes turn,
 The Sea be ever dry,
 and Fire cease to burn;
 When I turn false to thee,
 shall these things come to pass;
 But that will never be,
 nor yet to ever last.
 Remember, &c.

Let no deluding tongue
 heretoe me of my Love;
 For (sweet) do me such wrong,
 lest if my death should prove.
 Though false I must away,
 our loves lies under sail:
 And time for none will stay,
 God send's a happy gale.
 Remember me on shore,
 as I thee on the Main,
 So keep my love in store,
 till I return again.

Her Answer to the Saylor's wishes. The second Part,
To the same Tune.



Must thou depart my Dear,
and leave me thus alone
'Twill cost me many a tear,
though to thee it be unknown:
But be assur'd I'll pray,
and to the Powers Divine,
To prosper thee the way,
where Fate shall now design.
While I remember thee,
and keep thy love in store;
Do thou the like for me,
on Sea or on the shore..

Will thou dost return
from off the Ocean Spain.
Furl often I shall mourn,
in a lamenting strain:
And when fierce winds arise
or but contrary blow,
My sighs and wat'ry eyes,
shall sympathize the woe.
Thus I'll remember thee, &c.

Each both shall seem to me,
in length (at least) a year,
Till thy return, I see
my eyes are fill'd with fear:
For on the Seas, I know,
what sundry dangers be,
Rocks, sands and many a foe,
from which Lord keep thee free.
Thus I'll, &c.

I would I might but fast
through surging Seas with thee,
My heart would never faint,
while thou wert near to me.

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Or that I could but hear
thy voice, I should be well,
But thou'st not be so near,
to hear or see thy Nell.
Yet I'll, &c

Though loth too be to part,
yet since it seems too must;
To Sea bear thou my heart,
with whom it's put in trust.
And thine with me let rest,
till thou return'st again,
And each be doubly blest,
by making one of twain:
So I'll, &c.

Mean while my joy and joy,
His kiss the longing;
Our hopes both time destroy,
would I could him deny.
But time will comfort bring,
though too a time are cross:
And Winter finds a Spring.
restores what seemed lost.
Yet I'll, &c.

Man. Farewell my Love, farewell
ten thousand times adieu,
My pretty, pretty Nell,
till my return to you.
Maid. Farewell to thee Sweet-heart.
That now to be as art gone,
What great grief I part,
to Lovers best tis known.

Yet I'll remember thee,
and keep thy love in store,
Do thou the like by me, &c.